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THE HIGHLANDERS PHOTONOVEL

INTRODUCTION

by the writer – GERRY DAVIS

ELWYN JONES had been the Head of BBC Series before he turned freelance, and as a favour to him, Shaun Sutton, the then Head of Serials, decided to give him some work. Elwyn was an established writer who was working on Softly, Softly when he was brought round to my office with the idea of doing something for Doctor Who. I asked him what he had in mind and he really hadn't a clue. At the time I was looking for historical stories that were based on identifiable areas of fiction, like *The Smugglers* which I set up with Brian Hayles, which was loosely based on Doctor Syn. I always thought that if we were going to do a historical then there's no point going back to the massacre of St Bartholomew which is not well known and hardly the subject of romance. Whereas, if you could get close to some of the established classics like Kidnapped, people might be familiar with it.

So I suggested Culloden and he said fine and went away to write something. Time passed and nothing happened so I phoned him up. He explained that he was very busy and suggested that I step in and do it. To cut a long story short, we shared the credit although I wrote the piece from start to finish.

I loved the finished product because it allowed me to do a historical story as I felt they should be done. You spoke of historical characters but never showed them, as I always considered it a mistake to meet Napoleon and people whose faces and personalities are so well known. You should keep them in the background, influencing events but never getting directly involved.

The director assigned to *Highlanders* was Hugh David. He was an enterprising man and a former actor who I had worked with some years before. It was fun to go up to him and say can we do this, and what about a setting for that, and he suggested that we could do a boat scene in the tank in Ealing. This was something more spectacular than some of the things we had done recently for Doctor Who and a nice visual. All this allowed me to write scenes and action knowing that it was possible to do it, as I had discussed everything with Hugh beforehand.

At one time at the BBC there was no such thing as producers; there were only editors and directors. The role of the editor was to work with the writers and the directors on a more or less equal basis. Long term directors felt these were rather happy days without the intervention of a third party in the form of a producer, who was often a frustrated writer, director or actor. On *Highlanders* I was left to get on with it by my producer so it was like going back some ten years to before the introduction of that extra tier of input. I think it worked very well.

Sydney Newman created the role of producer when he became the Head of Drama so there would be a body of people who would answer direct to him. He felt he had more control that way.

It was a very happy production and very well acted. It also introduced the character of Jamie, although it was never intended that he should carry on beyond the story. We liked him so much, and Frazer Hines had something of the young Mickey Rooney about him which made him very engaging. As Jamie was born about 1720 it gave him a different attitude to Polly and Ben. For example, Jamie would accept things others would be amazed by because he would put it down to magic or witchcraft, which he knew existed. It also worked in reverse, like when the TARDIS landed on the Moon. To Polly and Ben this was something very much of their time, but it was beyond the comprehension of the young Scot. As far as he was concerned, the Moon was up in the sky.

The villain of the story was a character I called Solicitor Gray who was buying people to send out to the West Indies. I did a lot of research on this, and it turned out that after Culloden and the failed uprising, the Highlanders were rounded up and sent out as slaves to the Planters. They were treated like animals but their treatment was condoned because the Scots were considered as savages and a threat to England.

It was an eleventh hour writing project, but much of the stuff I did then was. *The Celestial Toymaker* was written in four days and lots of the Cybermen stories were also rushed as Kit was ill. He was in hospital for *Moonbase* and I remember taking it to him. It put an extra burden on me to get the stuff done.

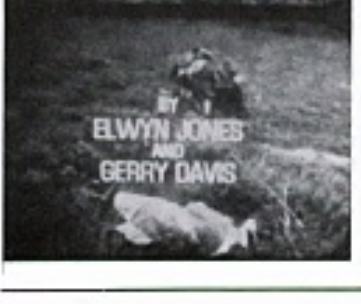
Highlanders gave me the chance to write one or two funny lines. I had the Doctor dressing up as a washer woman and the contrast between the two girls. Kirsty, the Scots lass, was scandalised by Polly's mini skirt while at the same time being able to handle a knife. It provided a nice balance between the liberated 60s woman and the practical 18th century highland girl.

Pat Troughton had a lot of fun with it. I was able to write the oblique sort of character we had both envisaged where he speaks in parables and turns up when he is least expected. It's a great sadness to me that the tapes aren't available as I think it was one of his better performances as the Doctor because he was able to use his humour. We also had fun with the character of Algernon Ffinch,

Michael Elwyn as Algernon Ffinch. *Photo © Alexandra Tynan.*

who was a bit like the Hugh Laurie character in Blackadder. He was getting bested by Polly, but at the end I added a little scene that suggested that there was a real attraction between them.

I liked the whole production because I was able to write in a much richer mix of characters than usual, get some real feeling into the story and develop a good selection of contrasts.



A ferocious skirmish between a small band of Redcoats and the remainder of a Highland regiment spills into view over a hill. Away in the distance, the sounds of the main battle can be heard. Cannons and the brays of frightened horses mix with musket fire and the clashes of hand to hand combat.

The TARDIS materialises in a small wooded knoll. Ben, Polly and the Doctor emerge from the Police Box and look around. Ben moves towards the edge of the trees and parts the brambles with his hands:
Hey, Polly!
POLLY: What?
BEN: Where does this remind you of?
POLLY: It's cold and damp.
BEN: But where does it remind you of?
Polly catches herself on the brambles:
Ow! What...
BEN: Where else could it be? We're 'ome, duchess!
POLLY: You never give up do you? We'll ask the Doctor.
She calls to the Doctor but Ben holds up his hand:
Listen...
A gunshot rings out.
...sounds like the Cup Final.
The air is suddenly filled with a high-pitched whistle, like the sound of an incoming projectile. Ben and Polly throw themselves to the ground as something heavy cracks through the trees and embeds itself in the soil near to where they were standing.
DOCTOR: What are you doing down there?
BEN: What was it?
They move over to where the Doctor is standing and look down:
Looks like an old time cannon-ball!
Polly reaches out to touch it and pulls back her fingers with a yelp from the heat.
DOCTOR: Allow me.
He pushes the earth away with a twig:
Yes, a ten pounder. That does it.
He turns towards the TARDIS.
POLLY: But Doctor, we can't leave, this looks like England.
BEN: Yes, I'll go and look over that hill.
He strides off.
POLLY: Doctor, you don't want us to think you're afraid, do you?
DOCTOR: Why not?
POLLY: Look, we can't let Ben go up there on his own. We don't know what he's going to find. Come on!
They set off after Ben.

A small group of the fleeing Scots have taken refuge in a tumble-down cottage. Laying on a bed in one corner of the main room is an old man, the laird of his clan, who is moaning deliriously. His wounds have weakened him and he appears to be slipping into unconsciousness.
KIRSTY: He badly needs a doctor.
ALEXANDER: Aye, and food.
The old man starts to moan again but his only intelligible

utterance is "water", which he repeats several times. He is handed a bottle from which he snatches a couple of deep gulps. His mind starts to clear and he raises himself up slightly from the bed:
The battle?
ALEXANDER: It's done. The clans are broken, shot to pieces by the English guns. We never got the chance to get within a claymore's length of them.
The old man slumps back on the bed, his strength sapped by the news of the battle.
ALEXANDER: The Prince?
JAMIE: Do not fuss yourself, he was the first to leave the field.
ALEXANDER: What's that you say about the Prince?
LAIRD: Stay, the pair of you. Why didn't you leave me to die on the field?
ALEXANDER: You're the laird himself.
LAIRD: The laird of what? How the men of the clan are lying in mud. Oh Kirsty...
He starts to sob.
ALEXANDER: You may not be long joining them. The English troops are butchering all the wounded and hanging all their prisoners.
JAMIE: They cannae hang us all, can they?
ALEXANDER: They'll hang you piper, you can be sure of that.
Something moves outside and Alexander holds up his hand:
Shh...
KIRSTY: The English?
JAMIE: They're not soldiers.
LAIRD: Our people?
ALEXANDER: I'll find out.
He opens the door a fraction and looks out before moving in the direction of the strangers.

The Doctor, Ben and Polly are walking down the brow of a hill, the sound of battle echoing in the distance. In front of them is a cannon.
BEN: Hey, look! This must be where the cannon ball came from.
DOCTOR: Unlikely.
BEN: What d'you mean, unlikely?
DOCTOR: It's been spiked.
BEN: Been what?
DOCTOR: Been spiked.
Ben looks down the barrel:
How did you know?
The Doctor ignores him and picks something up:
I would like a hat like this!
He brandishes a tam-o'-shanter which he jams on his head while performing a Highland fling. Polly snatches it from his head and starts to examine it:
It's got writing on it: "With Charles, our brave merciful Prince Royal, we will greatly fall or nobly save our country."
DOCTOR: Pah! Romantic piffle!
He throws the beret to the ground and turns towards his companions but is stopped in his tracks as a knife is raised to his throat.
ALEXANDER: You'll pick it up and treat it with due respect.
The Doctor picks up the beret and Alexander takes it from him and points his knife in the direction of the cottage:
This way with ye. Quick!

The four set off down the hill.

The laird is sitting up in bed:
We must away!
KIRSTY: Father, you're in no fit state to travel.
Alexander and his captives enter.
LAIRD: Who are these?
ALEXANDER: I know not. They're no' Scot. They threw down the Prince's cockade.
POLLY: Cockade?
BEN: What prince?
DOCTOR: Prince Charles Edward. Bonnie Prince Charlie.
ALEXANDER: There, you heard the accent.
LAIRD: Aye, I thought so, English, the three of them. Camp followers from the Duke of Cumberland, come to steal from the dead. Do you wish to pray before you die?
DOCTOR: Die?!
POLLY: Die for what?
BEN: You can't kill us in cold blood!
JAMIE: Our blood's warm enough. Your English troopers gave no quarter to men, women or bairns.
POLLY: Doctor, tell them who we are
KIRSTY: Did you hear what she said? She called him "Doctor".
ALEXANDER: You're not going to trust a Sassenach?
Ben notices a pistol on the floor and while Alexander's attention is distracted he dives, snatches it up and levels it at the laird. He motions to Jamie and Alexander:
Back, both of you, or your laird won't need a doctor.
DOCTOR: Well done Ben. Now gentlemen...
He points to Alexander:
Polly, take his sword. Ben, cock the pistol. Backs against the wall, both of you.
They move to the wall and the Doctor pulls the covers from the laird's bed:
I'm going to have a look at the wound. Come along, let me see...
The laird moans:
...We're going to need clean water to bathe the wound.
KIRSTY: I'll not leave him.
DOCTOR: We're not going to harm him. Polly, you go with her...off you go then.
She turns to Kirsty:
Will you show me where the stream is?
ALEXANDER: Here Kirsty, take the laird's spy glass with you and watch out for any Sassenach dragoons.
They pick up the empty bottle and leave.
DOCTOR: You can put the gun away now Ben.
BEN: Put it away?! But...
The Doctor addresses Jamie and Alexander:
Will you both give your word that you'll not molest us? We're only trying to save your laird from bleeding to death.
They exchange looks.
ALEXANDER: Aye.
JAMIE: You have our word.
DOCTOR: Put it away Ben.
BEN: Are you going to trust these blokes?
DOCTOR: A Highlander's word is his bond.
Ben lowers the weapon onto a

table and knocks the trigger which lets off a resounding crack.
ALEXANDER: You fool! You'll bring every English soldier within miles.
BEN: What's wrong with that?
DOCTOR: You should have paid more attention to your history books, Ben.
BEN: Eh?
Alexander calls from the window:
Redcoats!
JAMIE: There's about six of them!
ALEXANDER: They'll slaughter us!

A Redcoat patrol has stopped up the hill from the cottage.
SERGEANT: Sir, a rebel's been sighted, at the door of the cottage where the shooting seemed to come from.
FFINCH: Good. Only one?
SERGEANT: Only one seen sir, but there could be more.
FFINCH: There better be, we haven't seen many have we?
SERGEANT: The troopers were ahead of us and done a good job.
FFICH: I wish they'd left us some pickings.
SERGEANT: Perhaps when they got away they took their possessions with them.
FFINCH: Let's hope so. Take a man round the rear Sergeant, we'll outflank them.
SERGEANT: Yes sir.
FFINCH: Tell them to shoot first and take no risk. These rebels will be desperate by now.
SERGEANT: Yes sir.
FFINCH: Advance in battle order.

Jamie is watching the advance of the troops from the window:
We'll be caught like rats in a trap. Can we not run for it?
ALEXANDER: And leave the laird for their mercy? There's one chance. It's a slim one, but I'll try and draw them away from the cottage.
DOCTOR: Wait!
Alexander picks up his claymore and pushes past the Doctor out of the cottage. A volley of shots ring out and the Sergeant and his troops enter:
Surrender in the name of the King.
BEN: Blimey, it's good to hear a London voice again.
SERGEANT:Silence you rebel dog.
BEN: What you talkin' about? I'm no rebel. Me and the Doctor here have just arrived.
SERGEANT. Deserters then. You'll hang just the same.
The Doctor puts on a thick German accent:
I'm glad you've come, Sergeant. I was waiting for an escort.
SERGEANT: Who the devil are you?
DOCTOR: Are you in charge here, Sergeant?
Ffinch enters:
No, I am.
DOCTOR: A gentleman at last. Dr Von Verner at your service.
SERGEANT: Doctor who?
FFINCH: One of those damn froggies that came over with the Pretender.
DOCTOR: No, German, from Hanover, where your good King George comes from. And I speak English a good deal better than he does.
SERGEANT: Did you hear that?

Treason! Shall I hang 'em now?
Ffinch points to the bed:
Wait a moment. Who is that?
JAMIE: Colin McLaren, the Laird. And I'm his piper.
SERGEANT: They're a poor lot, sir. We'll get no picking here. Let's hang 'em and have done.
BEN: A right shower you are. What 'ave we done? Nothing! And what have you got against these two? Lost a battle, right, doesn't that make them prisoners of war?
FFINCH: Rebels are not treated as prisoners of war. Sergeant, prepare to hang them.
SERGEANT: Sir.
He turns to the troops:
Take 'em out and hang them.
Jamie points to the laird:
He can't walk.
SERGEANT: Drag 'im.
Two of the soldiers pull the laird from his bed.

Solicitor Grey and his clerk, Perkins, sit watching the battle from a vantage point behind the British lines.
GREY: Not a very inspiring battle, would you say?
PERKINS: Don't really know sir. I've never seen one before.
GREY: This one was over in a brief hour. I have never seen brave fellows so poorly led. Our brave Cumberland's troops butchering the wounded...a waste of manpower. A little more wine Perkins?
PERKINS: Oh, yes sir, I'm quite ready for it. This sharp northern air gives one quite an appetite.
GREY: All these fine sturdy, sturdy Highlanders. Used to work hard and little food. Think what sort of price they'd fetch in Jamaica.
PERKINS: A pretty penny, no doubt. No doubt at all.
GREY: And I'll have them, Perkins. I didn't leave a thriving legal practice just for the honour of serving King George as his Commissioner of Prisons.
PERKINS: I thought there was more behind it, sir.
GREY: With Mr Trask and his ship at our service, we may expect to make some measure of profit from this rebellion, depending, of course, on how many of these wretched rebels we can deliver from His Majesty's over-zealous soldiers.
Grey holds his glass to the light:
The wine was corked. If you want to remain in my service, you will have to be more careful.
PERKINS: Yes sir, my apologies. It won't happen again.
Several gun shots ring out.
GREY: I think we best be about our business, otherwise there'll be nothing but corpses left on the battlefield. And corpses are of little use to us, eh Perkins?
PERKINS: The wagon sir?
GREY: No, I think not. I've had enough for one day. Come Perkins, we'll walk. Perkins!
PERKINS: Coming sir.

From the banks of a small stream Kirsty and Polly have been monitoring the events at the cottage.

POLLY: Who are those men?
KIRSTY: Don't tell me you can't recognise English Redcoats when you see them, even from this distance?
POLLY: English? That's alright then, we're safe.
She starts to get up but Kirsty pulls her down:
Do you want to get us both killed?
She passes Polly the laird's spy glass which Polly looks through.
KIRSTY: Look, they're going to hang our men.
POLLY: You're right! It's horrible...it's got to be stopped.
KIRSTY: How? We can but mourn.
POLLY: Crying's no good. Come on, we're going to create a diversion.

The Redcoats are busy preparing the ropes for the hanging. The Sergeant points up the hill:
Over there.
FFINCH: Looks like a wench. And there's another one.
SERGEANT: Puts me in mind of what Sergeant King of the Dragoons said.
FFINCH: Get to the point.
SERGEANT: They've heard that the Prince is trying to escape disguised as a woman. Shall I go after them sir?
FFINCH: No, I'll go.
He motions to two Redcoats who follow him up the hill.

Polly sees the advancing men:
This is our chance, they can't hang us with the officer away.
KIRSTY: It'll do no good.
POLLY: You must know the moors better than they do, and we're younger than they are, they'll never catch us. Come on.
Kirsty picks up the water bottle.
POLLY: Leave that.
The two women run off up the hill.

DOCTOR: What a great devotion to duty your Lieutenant shows.
SERGEANT: Devotion to duty! Devotion to a £30,000 reward, that's all.
DOCTOR: Do you think he will catch them?
SERGEANT: That young whelp? Couldn't catch his grandmother!
The troops start to laugh.
DOCTOR: Disrespect to your superior officer. I could report you.
SERGEANT: You could, but you won't.
DOCTOR: At a price Sergeant.
SERGEANT: You won't, 'cos you won't be here when he gets back.
He motions to his troops:
Okay you scum, proceed.
BEN: You can't hang us with the officer away?
SERGEANT: Why do you think he went away? Got a delicate stomach he has. Always leaves the dirty work to me. Right, get 'em up.
The soldiers move into position.
SERGEANT: Take the strain...
Grey and Perkins walk into view from the side of the cottage.
GREY: One moment.
SERGEANT: Who the devil...
PERKINS: Solicitor Grey, Lincolns Inn Fields. His Majesty's Commissioner for the disposal of rebel prisoners.
GREY: There's a fine sturdy

young man. Cut the nooses off them. Set that young man down.
SERGEANT: I don't care who you are. You've got no charge over my men.
Grey holds up a sheet of paper:
Can't you read, Sergeant. I have powers over all rebel prisoners.
SERGEANT: Not these prisoners.
GREY: Perkins, the other pocket, I think.
Perkins reveals a handful of coins.
GREY: I admit your prior claim, Sergeant, but I think you are a reasonable man.
The Sergeant takes the money.
GREY: Continue Perkins. Of course I regret any inconvenience encountered by yourself and these fine fellows of yours.
SERGEANT: Right, you heard what the Commissioner said. Nooses off, get him down.
He indicates Ben who is freed.
BEN: Thanks mate.
GREY: A trifle, I assure you. Strong ruffians like you and this young rebel here are needed in His Majesty's service.
He nods to Jamie and then scans the laird and the Doctor:
You can dispatch this one, Sergeant, and this strange looking scoundrel.
DOCTOR: Article XVII, Aliens Act 1730.
GREY: What?
DOCTOR: You are a gentleman of the law?
PERKINS: How dare you speak to Mr Grey like that!
GREY: I am a lawyer, yes.
DOCTOR: Then you are doubtless aware of Article XVII. You cannot hang a citizen of a foreign power without first informing his ambassador.
GREY: Who is this extraordinary rogue?
SERGEANT: He says he's a frog doctor.
DOCTOR: German. And it seems I know more about the English law than you do.
SERGEANT: I'm the only law what matters to you. If this gentleman don't want you, you hang.
GREY: You show a touch of faith in His Majesty's justice, sir. A doctor eh? We need doctors where you're going.
He addresses the Sergeant:
Set him down with the others.
JAMIE: The laird goes too or you can hang me right here.
GREY: What do you think, doctor? Can this man be healed of his wounds?
DOCTOR: With proper care, yes.
GREY: Whether he'll get that where he's going is very doubtful, but I'll leave him in your care. Take him away Sergeant.
SERGEANT: Sir!
He turns to the troops:
Shun! You men, escort the prisoners and these gentlemen to Inverness. I'll wait here for the Lieutenant.
DOCTOR: Where are we going?
GREY: First to Inverness, and then perhaps a sea voyage.
SERGEANT: Do you good.
The troops lead the prisoners off.
GREY: Just in time, Perkins, just in time.

Polly and Kirsty are at the front of a small cave mouth.

KIRSTY: They'll not find us here.
She enters and Polly follows:
You don't live here do you?
KIRSTY: My family use it as a hide-out for cattle raids.
POLLY: Cattle raids? You mean you rob people!
KIRSTY: No, we only take from those who steal from us.
She walks over to a chest:
We keep a supply of food here. Oh no! There's only one wee biscuit left!
Inside is a large, flat, grey slab.
POLLY: Yuk! A dog biscuit!
Kirsty offers it to Polly:
Biscuits are not baked for dogs. Be pleased to begin.
POLLY: No, you start, I don't want to lose all my teeth. You start, I'm not hungry, really.
Polly starts to pace the dark cave:
We've got to make a plan. Now where were they being taken?
KIRSTY: Inverness. To the gaol.
She starts to sob.
POLLY: Now don't start crying again. If they've taken them to gaol, then we've got to get them out. Have you any money?
KIRSTY: For what?
POLLY: For food. That biscuit isn't going to last long, and for bribing guards with.
She takes off her silver bracelet:
It won't fetch much, but it's a start.
KIRSTY: Why do you help us? You're English.
POLLY: They've got my friends too, remember. I must get some proper clothes too.
Polly notices Kirsty's ring:
Hey, that's gold.
KIRSTY: It doesn't belong to me. It's my father's.
POLLY: Let me just look at it.
Kirsty holds it up for her:
It's beautiful! We should get a lot for that.
KIRSTY: You're not going to sell it.
POLLY: Don't you want to save your father's life?
KIRSTY: He wouldn't thank me.
POLLY: You're hopeless. Why not for goodness sake!
KIRSTY: He entrusted it to me before the battle. He would kill me if I ever parted with it.
POLLY: I don't understand you people. Come on, give it to me.
She holds out her hand but Kirsty grabs her knife and holds it up to Polly's chest.
POLLY: Keep your ring. You're nothing but a stupid peasant. I'm off to help my friends. You can stay here and guard your precious ring.
She heads for the cave's mouth.
KIRSTY: Mind your step, it'll be dark soon.
POLLY: Watch out for yourself.
KIRSTY: You'll get lost.
Polly ignores her and leaves.

The moors are very dark now and the thick cloud cover masks out most of the light reflected by the moon. The only sound is the occasional hoot of an owl in the distance. Polly's gait falters as she realises that she cannot retrace her steps in the darkness. Suddenly, the ground beneath her feet crumbles away and she plunges head-long into a concealed pit...

Photo © Alexandra Tyman.

TECHNICAL OBSERVATIONS

THE HIGHLANDERS was the last story to use a totally historical format with Verity Lambert's blend of history and education combined, a decision made by Innes Lloyd as part of his general re-vamping of the series. By the time this serial was being commissioned and written, ratings for the series as a whole had slumped to around the three/four million mark, with audience graphs clearly showing a preference for the science-fiction stories.

The location chosen to represent Culloden Moor was Frensham Ponds, previously seen as the plains of Troy in The Myth Makers (serial U). Designer Geoffrey Kirkland achieved the illusion of Scotland by dotting his locations with strategically placed conifers and bracken.

Vast quantities of dry ice were used in the post-Culloden battle scenes, giving the impression of gunsmoke drifting across the moor. These images were then further strengthened by the careful positioning of props (such as a six-pound field gun and a discarded ammunition cart) and the later overdubbing of "clamoured battle", cannon and musket sound effects.

No incidental music was used in this story. Aside from the main theme music, the only music heard was a short extract from the traditional Scottish lament 'Fibroch', played by Saumas MacNeill on the Highland bagpipes. This was heard each week over the opening credits for the story title, writer and episode number.

A horse-drawn field wagon was also hired by the BBC to provide Solicitor Gray and Perkins with a moderately elegant mode of transport.

A deep animal pit was dug for the night-time telecine scenes of Polly falling in and later being rescued by Kirsty, which spanned episodes one and two. Due to the slight risks involved in the shot where Kirsty also falls into the pit, Hannah Gordon was doubled by Andree Cameron (in a dress and wig!). The fall itself was shot in the studio.

The facilities of Ealing Studios' water tank were employed for scenes set on Inverness harbour and around the hull of 'The Annabelle'. In the first case the part of the harbour depicted was the internal watergate at Inverness Prison. The set comprised a stone-walled set, with steps leading down into the tank, a longboat and a raised, arched portcullis, supposedly leading out to sea. Again, dry ice fog was used to disguise the limitations of the set's size. One side of 'The Annabelle's' hull was built at Ealing, complete with part of the deck and a yard-arm from which a Highland rebel, and later Ben, were dropped into the sea. In both scenes Pat Gorman doubled for the unfortunate victim. All these scenes were set at night.

A caption illustration of Inverness was used for establishing scenes set in and around that city.

As this story continued into production the potential of Frazer Hines' character was quickly seen by Innes Lloyd and Gerry Davis. Two endings for The Highlanders were shot on film; one showing Jamie entering the TARDIS, and one of him fleeing back into the glens. When the early episodes were completed in the studio they were shown to various department heads, including Sydney Newman and Shaun Sutton, who then approved the appointing of Jamie as a regular companion. Thus the sequence of Jamie going into the TARDIS was used for the telerecording of the fourth episode.

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CAST

DOCTOR WHO ..... Patrick Troughton
BEN ..... Michael Craze
POLLY ..... Anneke Wills
ALEXANDER ..... William Dysart
COLIN MCLAREN ..... Donald Bisset
JAMIE MCCRIMMON ..... Frazer Hines
KIRSTY ..... Hannah Gordon
LT. ALGERNON FFINCH ..... Michael Elwyn
SERGEANT ..... Peter Welch
SOLICITOR GRAY ..... David Garth
PERKINS ..... Sydney Arnold
SENTRY ..... Tom Bowman
CAPTAIN TRASK ..... Dallas Cavell
MOLLIE ..... Barbara Bruce
WILLIE MACKAY ..... Andrew Downie
SAILOR ..... Peter Diamond
COLONEL ATTWOOD ..... Guy Middleton
WOUNDED HIGHLANDER ..... Eric Mills
WOMAN IN INN ..... Nancy Gabriel
ENGLISH HORSEMAN ..... Reg Dent
DOUBLE FOR KIRSTY ..... Andree Cameron
EXTRAS ..... Gerry Alexander, Barry Ashton, Dennis Balcombe, Leslie Bates, Bill Beesley, Mike Britton, Derek Calder, Anthony Case, Gordon Craig, Jim Delaney, Pat Donohue, John Doye, Jack Duggan, Barry Du Pré, Jim Fitzgerald, Eden Fox, Keith Goodman, Pat Gorman, Dennis Haywood, Emmett Hennessy, Walter Henry, James Holbrook, Ernest Jennings, John Knott, Gordon Lang, Tony Lang, Jimmy Mack, Arthur Maguire, Derek Martin, Leon Maybank, Michael Mulcaster, Michael Owen, Paul Phillips, Dennis Plenty, Peter Roy, Patrick Scott, Donald Sinclair, Dennis Stanley, Harry Swift, Vic Taylor, Alan Troy, Hein Viljoen, James Walsh, David Waterman, Bob Wilyman

TECHNICAL CREDITS

FIGHT ARRANGER ..... Peter Diamond
PRODUCTION ASSISTANT ..... Fiona Cumming
ASSISTANT FLOOR MANAGER ..... Nicholas John
ASSISTANTS ..... Shirley Coward, Evelyn Cowdrey
VISION MIXER ..... Nola Schiff
FLOOR ASSISTANT ..... Jeremy Ward
LIGHTING ..... Gordon Summers, Ken McGregor, John Farr
SOUND ..... Larry Goodson
COSTUME SUPERVISOR ..... Sandra Reid
MAKE-UP SUPERVISOR ..... Gillian James
STORY EDITOR ..... Gerry Davis
DESIGNER ..... Geoffrey Kirkland
PRODUCER ..... Innes Lloyd
DIRECTOR ..... Hugh David

SERIAL FF	AUDIENCE	POSITION	APPRECIATION	BLACK AND WHITE
PART ONE	6.7m	67th	AI 47	17TH DECEMBER 1966
PART TWO	6.8m	89th	AI 46	24TH DECEMBER 1966
PART THREE	7.4m	68th	AI 46	31ST DECEMBER 1966
PART FOUR	7.3m	66th	AI 47	7TH JANUARY 1967

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